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ELIHU BURRITT.



Among the many remarkable men of this remarkable age, no one seems to us more worthy of notice than the "Learned Blacksmith."

Elihu Burritt, says Mary Howitt, is not merely remarkable for his knowledge of languages—a

knowledge which is perfectly stupendous, and which having been acquired under circumstances which at first sight, would seem to present insuperable barriers to anything beyond the most ordinary acquirements, may naturally excite our sur-

prise and admiration—but he is remarkable in a high moral degree; and this it is, combined with his great learning, which entitles him to our love and reverence. His many-lingued head is wedded to a large and benevolent heart, every throb of which is a sentiment of brotherhood to all mankind. Like an apostle of peace and good-will, he has come among us, with the clasped hands as his cognizance, as a teacher and promulgator of Christ's own doctrine of love. He has not read Homer and Virgil, and the Sagas of the North, and the Vedas of the East, to admire only, and to teach others to admire the strong-handed warrior, cutting his way to glory through prostrate and bleeding thousands: he has read only to learn more emphatically, that God made all men to be brethren; and that Christ gave, as the sum total of his doctrines, that they should love one another. This is the end of all his reading and learning; and better, by far, to have learned thus, with hard hands and a swarthy brow, over the labors of his forge and hammer, than to have studied in easy universities, to have worn lawn and ermine, yet have garnered no expansive benevolence while he became a prodigy of learning.

His family are described as possessing his virtues. If any one in the town met with a misfortune, lost a limb, or became deaf, or blind, or dumb, he became to this good family an uncle or an aunt. What a sermon might be preached from this text.

Being the youngest of the five sons, it was the privilege of Elihu to remain at home with his parents, and contribute to the support and comfort of their old age. Among the pleasantest reminiscences of his earlier life are the exertions he made for this purpose. At sixteen he had arrived at the full stature and strength of man. He now united himself with the congregational church in New Britain, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Henry Jones; and is at the present time a member, in regular standing, of the same church, whose articles of faith are the same as those of the Independents in England. At this time his father's first and last illness commenced, which lasted for almost a year. During the whole of this time, this excellent son labored through the day in the field or forest, and then watched through half the night at the bedside of his father, that his mother might be enabled to take necessary rest.

After his father's death he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith of the town; the only school education he had as yet received, being three months at

a district school during the winter, before he was fifteen. Of far greater importance, however, than this scanty tuition, was the keen appetite for reading which kept his mind awake; and which was doubtless stimulated by the difficulty he had in procuring books.

Soon after the age of sixteen, and while working at his trade, he took up his residence with his brother Elijah, who had opened a school. By Elijah's advice, however, when his term of apprenticeship had expired, and he was one and twenty, he laid aside his hammer, and became a student with his brother for one half-year.

After this half year of study, in the spring, he found himself well versed in mathematics; he had gone through Virgil in Latin, and had read several French works; he was, therefore, well satisfied with himself, and returned again to the forge, determined to make up for lost time. To accomplish this thoroughly, he engaged himself, to do the work of two men, and thus received double wages. Severe as this labor was, and requiring fourteen hours of each day, he still found time to read a little of Virgil, and a few pages of French morning or evening. He at this time also first began to look into the Spanish, which, to his delight, he found he could read without much difficulty. During this summer he conceived the idea of making himself acquainted with Greek.

With autumn came self-dissatisfaction. He saw again the intellectual world lying before him, like an undiscovered land; and again he resolved to sacrifice a whole winter to extend that knowledge which was so necessary to him. He left his furnaces, therefore, and went to New Haven; not, as our readers may imagine, with the intention of entering Yale College, but with a vague sort of notion that the very atmosphere of that seat of learning would facilitate his progress. If, however, this did not much assist, it certainly did not retard him, for the intellectual labor of this winter seems perfectly miraculous. On arriving in the town he took lodgings at an inn, and commenced a course of study on the following plan, which we will give in his own words.

"As soon as the man who attended to the fires had made one in the common sitting-room, which was at about half-past four in the morning, I arose and studied German till breakfast, which was at served at half-past seven. When the boarders was gone to their places of business I sat down to Homer's Iliad, without a note or comment to assist me, and with a Greek and Latin lexicon. A few minutes before the people came in to their dinners, I put away all my Greek and Latin, and began reading Italian, which was less calculated to attract the notice of the noisy men who at that hour thronged the room. After dinner I took a short walk, and then again sat down to Homer's Iliad, with a determination to master it without a master. The proudest moment of my life was when I had first possessed myself of the full meaning of the first fifteen lines of that noble work. I took a triumphal walk in celebration of that exploit. In the evening I read in the Spanish language until bed-time. I followed this course for two or three months, at the end of which time I had read about the whole of the Iliad in Greek, and made considerable progress in French, Italian, German and Spanish."

When winter was over he returned to New-Bri-

tain to his trade. The fame of his learning had preceded him, and he was induced to undertake the management of a grammar school in a neighboring town. After a year his health suffered from confinement, and he was induced to give up his school.

He then engaged himself as travelling agent to a manufacturing company in New Britain. This mode of life continued for twelve months, during which he made his first essay in original authorship, in a story called "My Brother's Grave." Thus a new faculty was discovered, and ever after, the pen became a medium of communication between him and the public.

His next change was to commence business on his own account in New-Britain; but unfortunately, this was just before the great commercial revolution, which was felt not only in America, but also in England; and Burritt, like many another trader, was an unsuccessful man.

His mind was now turned to the study of the oriental languages, but a difficulty soon arose from the want of books. To overcome this difficulty, he resolved to make a voyage to Europe, working his way across the Atlantic as a common sailor, or in any other capacity in which he could receive wages for the work of his hands. Boston was the nearest port, at the distance of a hundred and twenty miles, and to Boston he set out on foot.—All his worldly wealth went with him; his change of linen tied in a handkerchief, three dollars and an old silver watch in his pocket, which watch was of no use to him, as it did not go, and he could not afford to have it mended. His mother furnished him with gingerbread, and other light provision for the journey.

Footsore and weary, after a travel of a hundred and twenty miles, he arrived at Boston to find that no vessel was sailing from that port. He learned, however, to his comfort, that an antiquarian library existed in the town of Worcester, which was forty miles distance; and to that place he now resolved on going, determined to take work as a journeyman, and to gain access to the library. A feeling, however, of unwonted depression lay heavily on his mind; he was exhausted by bodily fatigue, lame, and reduced in finance to one dollar and the old watch. He limped along the streets of this city as he was about to leave it, feeling himself poor and weak, and mean, in comparison with the very walls of the houses, which, as he glanced up to them, looked to him, as he himself has been heard to say, like the walls of the New Jerusalem. When he reached Boston bridge on his way to Worcester, he was overtaken by a wagon which a boy was driving. On inquiry, he found that the boy was going to Worcester, and was willing to take him there as he requested. This was a great god-send to his weary frame, for it was forty miles to that town.

Burritt very soon engaged himself as a journeyman blacksmith, at the low rate of twelve dollars a month, with board. A very short time sufficed to show him, that the antiquarian library of Worcester could be of little or no use to him; and this discovery filled him with deep sorrow. The library was open to the public but a certain number of hours in the day, and these were the very hours when his duty as a journeyman smith confined him to the anvil. He continued, therefore, his Hebrew studies unassisted, as he best was able.—

Every moment which he could steal out of the twenty-four hours, was devoted to study. This severe labor of mind, as might be expected, produced serious effects on his health; he suffered much from head aches, the characteristic remedy for which were two or three additional hours of hard forging, and a little less study. We will copy from his diary of this date, one week's work, as a specimen of the whole, and our readers may then judge of the gigantic labors of this Titan of learning.

"Monday, June 13.—Headache; 40 pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth; 64 pages of French; 11 hours forging.

"Tuesday.—65 lines Hebrew; 30 pages French; 10 pages Cuvier's Theory; 8 lines Syriac; 10 lines Danish; 10 lines Bohemian; 9 lines Polish; 15 names stars, 10 hours forging.

"Wednesday.—25 lines Hebrew; 50 pages of astronomy; 11 hours forging.

"Thursday.—55 lines Hebrew; 8 lines Syriac; 11 hours forging.

"Friday.—Unwell; 12 hours forging.

"Saturday.—Unwell; 50 pages Natural Philosophy; 10 hours forging.

"Sunday.—Lesson for Bible class."

So wore on the year of 1837. The next year he engaged himself to work by the piece, and was thus able to arrange his time so as to make the library of use to him. Burritt had already studied the Celtic tongue, and with this an interesting circumstance is connected; he found in the library a grammar and dictionary of the Celto-Breton tongue which had been presented by the Royal Antiquarian Society of Paris. Suddenly it occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to write a letter in that language to the president of that society. In three months the language was mastered, and the letter duly forwarded to Paris, in August, 1838.

About a year afterwards, a gentleman residing in Worcester, presented himself before him, as he was at work at the anvil, bearing in his hand a large packet addressed to him. This was from the Royal Antiquarian Society of Paris, containing a letter from the secretary, acknowledging, with honorable mention, his communication in the Celto-Breton tongue; and forwarding to him the Transactions of the Society, and many other interesting documents. Burritt declares this to be the most gratifying incident that ever occurred to him connected with his studies. About the time of this remarkable letter, he commenced his studies of the various languages of the Scandinavian and Sclavonic field.

He had begun to communicate, as we have already said, with the public through his pen, and he now conceived that he might add to his small earnings of translations from various tongues, particularly the German. He wrote, therefore, to a gentleman whom he thought could be helpful in this way, giving him a short history of his life and of his present views. This letter was sent to Governor Everett. Governor Everett read his letter at a public meeting. A great deal was said on the subject, and all at once he found himself, as he says, "laboring under notoriety."

A few days afterwards, he received an invitation to go to Boston on a visit to his excellency. To this city, accordingly, he once more came. How different this time to the last; then poor and footsore, and oppressed by a sense of his own nothing-

ness—now on a visit to Governor Everett, by his own express desire!

Nothing could exceed the kindness with which he was received; every offer was made him which could facilitate his studies; he was requested even to enter Harvard College; many were the persons who generously came forward to assist him, and offer him every advantage in the prosecution of his studies; but he preferred the old course; there was a pleasure to him in it; he loved to feel that he was still of the ranks of the working man. Hear this, workingmen of America, and honor him for it. He was happy, he was proud to labor with his hands as you do! He courteously declined the help proffered to him by the great and the wealthy, and stated that he thought he could make better progress by pursuing his own course.

He returned again to Worcester, applied to labor harder than ever, and commenced, in 1839, a monthly periodical called the *Literary Gemini*, in English and French, designed principally for the students of the latter language. This was not a successful speculation to him, and after a year it was discontinued. His fame, however, by this time, had spread far and wide; and during the winter of 1840, he received invitations to lecture in various cities, which he accepted. In 1841, finding his journeyman's wages inadequate to his requirements, he began to trade a little on his own account. He hired an anvil, which he set up in one corner of the shop, and worked here at overtime, in the making of garden-tools, which brought in a little extra money. All went to assist in his favorite studies, and his life was happy.

As may naturally be supposed, the press was anxious to obtain his aid, or the advantage of his name. He wrote accordingly; more particularly for the *American Eclectic Review*, which was intended to contain the literature of the world. For this work he translated several of the Icelandic Sagas, as well as a series of papers from the Samaritan, Arabic, and Hebrew. During the winter of 1842, he again lectured, among other places, at New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany, &c. where the fame of his acquirements, as well as admiration of his character, drew together large audiences. In the course of this season he lectured no less than sixty-eight times. In the spring he returned to his trade in Worcester, where he commenced the study of the Ethiopic, Persian, and Turkish languages.

Thus passed his time for the next two years; in the winter lecturing—in the summer working and studying. After that time, in 1844, having saved a few hundred dollars, he commenced his paper, called *The Christian Citizen*; a paper portioned out in a systematic manner, and devoted to religion, peace, anti-slavery advocacy, education, and general information. With regard to the subject of peace, we must state that, shortly before this time, his mind had taken a decided bent. Naturally there was a tendency in him, as every one must believe, to an admiration of the heroic. The vanquisher of difficulties, the victor in any sense, was to his feeling an object of respect and admiration.

On the 16th of June, 1845, Burritt left America for England. He went out in the *Hibernia*, the same vessel which carried the news of the settlement of the Oregon question. At the very moment when he stepped on board, he heard the joyful tidings announced that there should be no war.

For a year or two he had been agitating in his mind the scheme of a grand Peace League, which should be, to all questions of peace and free trade what the Anti-Corn-Law League had already been to that question. He wished that every one, of any land, who was willing to cooperate, should be members of it; that it should embrace all nations; that the very world should be its platform. The scheme is a grand one; and it seems to him, on coming to England, that a conjuncture of favorable circumstances at that moment was propitious to its commencement. The idea was never absent from his mind, but even more suddenly than he expected did he bring it into operation. He was on his way to London, alone and on foot, when he came to the small town of Pershore, nine miles from Worcester, on the evening of July 29th. It was his intention to stay here for a day or two to write. Here he drew up the pledge which he intended to be signed by the members of the future League of Peace; he bought a little note book, into which he entered it. The same evening, a Mr. Conn invited him to drink tea with him and his friends. There were about twenty in number; he spoke of the pledge, and read it to them, having first signed his own name to it; at once were added, as he himself has chronicled in this same little book, "the names of seventeen men of Pershore—good men and true." Thus commenced the league of universal brotherhood—may it gather the whole world in one fraternal embrace!

Burritt has traveled already through many parts of England, meeting everywhere with a cordial welcome. At the same time the League of Peace progresses rapidly in America; its numbers increase daily on both sides of the Atlantic, and thus shall two great countries be knit together.

Mr. Burritt was born at New Britain, Connecticut, Dec. 8, 1811. He is in his 38th year.—*Amer. Biographical Sketch Book.*

T A L E S.

From the Fitchburgh Sentinel.

ASHBURTON: OR THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

BY MISS S. LOUISA BECKWITH.

"Neglect, or wrong, will sometimes change
Our warmest love to cold indifference,
Or to hatred, even—and then, perchance,
A word, or look, "a trifle light as air,"
May rouse to life and former fervor,
Our dead affection.

[Concluded.]

As I was about to re-enter the house, I heard the sound of carriage wheels approaching, and, turning, I beheld two rustics riding leisurely forward, and I waited without, hoping to gain some information of my husband. When arrived before me they drew in the rein, and alighted. They had found Ashburton by the roadside, completely intoxicated, insensible as the clods upon which he rested, and, thinking I must be alarmed by his long absence, they had taken him up and kindly conveyed him home.

The wretched creature was extended upon the bottom of the carriage still wrapt in stupor, from which it was impossible to arouse him. It was as I had thought; even when he knew the life of his child was at stake, he was unable to resist the temptation in his way, and, entering a miserable spirit house, where were congregated a num-

ber of his vile companions, he had drunk with them till his errand was forgotten. After spending his last penny, he was expelled by the proprietor and left to return as best he might. He had proceeded a little way, and then, no longer able to resist the stupifying effects of the liquor he had drunk, sunk down by the roadside, where he had remained during the night, and whence he had been removed by the kind hearted travellers. He was borne into the house, and left alone and uncared for, to awake from his brutish insensibility to the terrible consciousness of his guilt, while we retired to the apartment where lay the remains of my child.

Tears gathered in the eyes of the kind old men, as they gazed upon the beautiful form that lay so cold and still before them.

"Poor child," said one, turning towards me with a look of pitying tenderness, "you are young to have drunk so deeply of the cup of human misery—but God knows best, and the time may come when you will have occasion to thank him even for this."

How grateful to the human heart is sympathy, even from the lowliest of our kind, when writhing beneath some afflictive blow of Providence. Half its anguish is abated, when friends mingle their tears with ours, over the precious clay of the loved and lost one. I no longer felt the lone, desolate bitterness which I had at first experienced. I was not all alone—entirely excluded from the hearts of fellow-beings, even though kindred and early friends had forsaken me—even in the midst of strangers, I had found that sympathy and compassion which I knew they would refuse. Before the day was past, many a wife and daughter of the rustics round me, had gathered in my lowly home, either to offer consolation or to tender their assistance in preparations for the approaching burial, and obscure and lowly though they were, and those to whom in former days I should have scorned to be in any way indebted, by their kind and christian deeds they laid me under obligations which I can never, never discharge.

Night returned again, and my husband, though he had slumbered away the effects of the preceding evening's excesses, in consequence of the exposure succeeding, was still unable to rise from the bed upon which he had first been laid, and before the morning dawned he was raving in the delirium of a raging fever. A physician was called, who pronounced his disease such as would scarcely warrant the slightest hope of recovery.

I heard his decision with entire calmness, I might almost say, with perfect indifference—even when I saw him standing upon the brink of the grave, I felt no melting in my heart, no yearning of my early love. Immediately upon awaking to consciousness the preceding day, he had been informed of his child's death, and this in his mental wanderings, seemed to be the theme upon which he continually dwelt—and I stood by his bedside and heard him in wild, passionate language, express his tenderness for the poor unconscious dead, and his deep contrition for his cruel indifference, when perhaps life was depending upon his exertions; and then with all the eloquence of which he was master, he would plead for my forgiveness, and with expressions of penitence for his past misdeeds and promises of amendment, endeavor to win back my affection, and then as if conscious he was unsuccessful, would turn away and weep like a child.—

Yes—wretch that I was—I saw and heard it all, and without one single pang; even the common emotions of pity, which would have stirred in a stranger's bosom, found no place in my estranged and hardened heart—but I was punished, O fearfully was I punished, when in after years conscience woke up, and with remorseful bitterness reviewed the memories of days departed.

A little while and the last sad office was performed, and Charley was laid in his little grave, and I returned to the desolate home whence he had departed forever; henceforth I deemed to find my only solace in the thought that we should meet again. I was an alien in my father's house with his heaviest curse upon me, which I could not hope neither by prayers nor tears to move him to revoke—I was in the midst of strangers, and so destitute of the common necessities of life, that I was dependent upon them for my daily sustenance. My duties were neglected; I had neither the motive nor the spirit for exertion—the last star of the many which had once shone over the pathway of my existence, had vanished, and gloom and darkness were around me, from which I could hope to escape but in my grave, and I set down in listless, calm despair, patiently to await the hour which should lay me there.

A month had passed, and by a wonderful and merciful Providence my husband had been snatched from the threshold of the tomb, and was now convalescent, though still unable to rise from his bed. Once only after his restoration to reason, had he alluded to Charley's death, and then, though few words were spoken, I could perceive by his uncontrollable emotion, it was with the bitterest remorse and the deepest affliction. One evening after a day spent in unusual melancholy on my part, a stranger arrived from New York bearing a letter from my father. I grasped the precious missive, and eagerly broke the seal and perused its contents with mingled joy and grief. Since my departure the health of my parent had gradually been declining, till now he was only able to dictate the few brief words, which the letter contained: He had repented of his severity towards me, and sent for my return, to look upon me once again, to bless me and to die.

Foreseeing the annoyances and dangers which I should probably have to encounter in so long a journey, if undertaken alone, an old and tried friend had been sent to accompany me, on whose protection I was told I might with safety rely. With him a sum of money had been placed, for the defrayment of journeying expenditures, and also for those which I might deem it necessary to incur, in preparations for travelling. Thus every obstacle being foreseen and removed, I did not hesitate a moment in deciding upon the course I should pursue but instantly determined to comply with my father's request, and the morrow was fixed upon for my departure.

An old lady was then residing with me, whose services my neighbors had in charity engaged for the term of my husband's sickness, and to her I immediately made known my intentions, and obtained a promise that she would remain in her present situation so long as Ashburton should think her care and attention necessary. For her past services I amply rewarded her, and likewise placed in her hands a sum of money, from which she might receive the recompense for future ones,

and also defray the expenses consequent upon sickness, which it had been and might still be necessary to incur. After these deductions were made I directed that the remainder should be given to my husband, to appropriate as he should see fit.

"But why leave directions for so long a time," she replied, "during your absence it is probable I cannot have executed half—when will you return?"

"Never," I answered.

"Never! she repeated, "surely it would be injustice and cruelty to desert your husband now in the first moment of contrition."

"And what," I replied, "but injustice and cruelty have I received from him? I go at the bidding of a parent, from whose heart, for his sake, I have long been estranged, and for which he has repaid me only with coldness and neglect. I owe him no duty nor affection, he has forfeited all claims to both. If one spark of my early love had lingered in my heart, the wanton indifference, which he betrayed when he knew that perhaps his child was dying, would have extinguished it. To my heart he has become a stranger, and I sever the bond which has hitherto existed between us, without a pang—tomorrow we part, and I rejoice in the hope that we part forever."

"Listen," she answered, "for your own sake I beseech you listen. By the laws of God and man you are bound to him by a tie which you cannot sunder with impunity. As surely as justice is an attribute of that Being, in whose presence you breathed your perjured vows at the marriage altar, you will repent and it may be when repentance will avail you nothing."

"Have done," I answered impatiently—"my mind is fixed and it is useless to attempt to dissuade me from my purpose."

The old lady cast upon me a look of mingled pity and reproach, and turned away. Her words were powerless then, but in after years the remembrance of her friendly warning enhanced a hundred fold the pangs of an accusing conscience.

Morning came, and I stole forth to visit the grave of my child. It was a sweet, secluded spot, on the velvet banks of the Ohio, at the entrance of the forest. Tall, old trees stretched their wide boughs above him, and the gentle breeze, fragrant with the breath of the thousand flowers that were blossoming round, whispered mysteriously and sadly amid the emerald leaves; and no other sound save the voice of singing birds, and the monotonous dashing of the bright waves, as they went trooping and sparkling by, ever broke in upon the solemn stillness that reigned around. I tarried awhile by the little grave, and then with one long, lingering look as if to fix the sweet scene in my memory forever, with a bursting heart I turned away.

When nearly in readiness to depart I entered my husband's room and approached his bedside. He was sitting up, supported by pillows, and looking from the restlessness of the preceding night, unusually pale and worn. I had not seen him for nearly two days, and now as I approached him his eye brightened, a feeble smile broke upon his lip, and he extended his hand in welcome. In spite of myself I was touched by his manner, and it was with strong effort that I kept down the risings of my heart, as I briefly informed him of my intentions, and told him I had come to bid him farewell forever. For a moment his eyes were bent search-

ingly upon me, as if to read from my appearance the confirmation of what I had said.

"O Mary," he exclaimed, "you cannot, you will not forsake me thus—O God! I had not dreamed of this, and yet—and yet, wretch that I have been, I deserve it all. Yes, go my Mary—righteous Heaven! for the last time do I call you *mine*!—but peace" he said, laying his thin hand upon his breast, as if to still its convulsive heavings, while his white lips quivered—"why should I murmur at the returning justice made for sin? Go, and may peace attend you, and the richest blessings in the gifts of Heaven in recompense for your sufferings for my sake, but before we part, tell me, in pity tell me that you do not hate me—say that though henceforth we must be as strangers, you will remember me kindly—say, Mary, say that you forgive me."

"Yes, Charles," I answered, "I do forgive you, and pray that Heaven may forgive you also—and now farewell."

He feebly grasped the hand which I extended, and I turned away. Before leaving the room I turned to look upon him once again. His eyes were humid with tears, and they were fixed upon me now with an expression so full of sad, regretful tenderness, that, hardened as I was, it subdued me in an instant. The fondness of love came back for a moment upon me, and I rushed back and twining my arms around his neck, covered his cheek with passionate kisses, while scalding tears which could no longer be restrained, fell from my eyes like rain. My heart spoke for him, but I hushed its gentle pleadings, crushed back the feelings of my better nature, and hardened myself against him. One moment more and the farewell was repeated, and I tore myself away—and thus we parted.

CHAPTER IV.

It was nearly midnight. I had dismissed my waiting-maid, and sat alone in my chamber. I had that evening attended a brilliant ball in my native city, and, in consequence of a slight indisposition, had left the company at an early hour, and returned; and, moreover, I had promised to make, that night, a decision upon a subject which had been repeatedly urged upon my consideration, and this evening with unusual earnestness, with a request, that to the question proposed, a definite answer should be rendered on the morrow; and the exciting gayeties of a ball-room, I deemed, would scarcely allow me to bestow upon the subject the thought and deliberation, I felt it required.

And now, shall I confess it?—yes, pitiful worm that I was, I sat me down with a cold, calculating policy, to reason and consider upon the question, whether or not it would be expedient and politic to appeal for a legal separation from my husband; to petition an earthly power for the dissolution of that bond, which the Almighty had wrought between us. Even now, as I write, though years have passed since then, the remembrance of that hour crimsoned my cheek with shame, and I shudder at the thought of the dread punishment, which must have been the return of my guilt, were justice only an attribute of my Maker.

Nearly three years had passed since I had seen Ashburton. Soon after the death of my father, which occurred a few weeks after my arrival in New-York, I received a letter from him, in which, encouraged by the deep feeling I betrayed at the

moment of parting, he had attempted, with a winning and persuasive eloquence, which none but a heart like mine could have resisted, to win me back to him. My answer was brief and explicit, giving him plainly to understand what were the sentiments with which I regarded him, and that my determination never to resume the relationship which I had formerly sustained towards him, remained unshaken; and effectually to destroy all hope, that other, and more strenuous efforts on his part might win me from my purpose, I informed him that all further communications received from him would be immediately returned, or destroyed without a perusal.

Soon after the reception of this letter, leaving the settlement of the estate bequeathed me by my father, to my attorney, I departed for Europe, in company with a gentleman and lady of my acquaintance, whence, after more than two years' absence, I had but just returned. The lady was a sister of one of my former lovers, who yet remained unmarried, and it was easy to understand why so much interest was betrayed by her and by her husband, with relation to my divorce. They had spared no pains, both before and after our return, to win me to compliance with their wishes, and it was to them I had promised to render a decision upon the subject on the morrow.

I had that evening casually overheard a citizen of the city, who was probably reminded of Ashburton by my appearance for the first time since my return, in society, making some inquiries respecting him, of a gentleman from the West. From the few words which I could distinguish, I supposed that he was still living, but where, or in what situation, I did not ascertain, and I was too unconcerned and careless about the matter to propose any inquiries to myself.

But now, in the solitude of my chamber, the subject before me, naturally led my thoughts away to him, and before I was aware, I caught myself wandering where he was, what was his situation, and whether he still remained the same debased and wretched creature of former days; and in spite of myself, I half regretted the indifference which had allowed me to neglect the opportunity for learning these, which had that evening been presented. I tried to shake off the feeling of self-reproach which had seized me, but in vain—conscience was waking, and its low whisperings, for the first time, were heard, for years. Strange memories of days departed, spite of the efforts to repulse their risings, came thronging to my mind. I thought of my early love, my bridal and the happy years succeeding, my deep devotedness in the cruel change which followed, and subsequent estrangement, and then of my guilty desertion.

While musing thus, I idly unclasped a bracelet upon my arm, and scarcely conscious of what I did, drew towards me a small ivory box, which my maid, had mistaken for my jewel-casket, and placed upon my dressing-stand. I raised the lid, and started at beholding that which it contained, as if a spectre had appeared before me—it was the miniature of my husband, which he had given me long years before. In my poverty, I had bartered its costly setting for bread, and the likeness itself, upon returning to my father, I had left as a worthless thing, with its original. He had re-purchased the sheathing, and placed the miniature within it, and sent it to me during my absence. The domes-

tics, upon its reception, had carried it to my chamber, and the circumstance being forgotten, I was not informed of it upon my return.

And rightly had he judged, when he deemed the silent language of this little gift might effect what words had failed to do, and move me to repentance. It was a happy effort of the artist, and the exalted god-like beauty of the original, which alone, without his higher qualities of mind, might have almost won idolatry, was faithfully portrayed. A strange feeling of tenderness came over me, as I gazed upon this pictured likeness of the being I had so deeply injured, and the memory of his wrongs came with a pang of bitterest remorse.

In fancy I stood again by his bedside—I saw him pale, attenuated and weak from suffering; I heard his wild, passionate, parting words, and O that last sad look—how faithfully had memory preserved it. And now as she held it up before me, so full of love and yet so sorrowful and chiding, burning drops, such as the torturing bitterness of remorse alone can wring from the heart, rolled thickly over my cheeks.

Hours passed—a strange change had come over me; the warm fountain of affection, so long sealed beneath the ice of indifference, had again gushed forth, and my penitent heart once more experienced the delicious happiness of loving. The morbid apathy, which since the death of my child had constantly possessed me, even in all my wanderings amid the interest wakening scenes of foreign lands, had suddenly departed, and my dormant energies had been aroused to all their former force within me. I had an aim, a purpose now, and hope, sweet hope came like an angel to my heart, to cheer it amid its self-reproaches with the blessed promise, that confession of repentance, for the wrongs committed, would bring forgiveness. Bright visions of future bliss in re-union with the being from whom I had been so long estranged, came up before me, and again existence seemed a beautiful and blessed thing.

I determined, at an early hour in the morning, to call at the lodgings of the western gentleman before mentioned, and learn from him the address of my husband, and then to write immediately, and tell him of my remorse, and sue for his forgiveness, and permission to resume the place I had so wantonly resigned. Bright, peaceful dreams visited me that night, as I lay upon my pillow, and when I awoke, it was in the new and sweet anticipation of happiness in future. My first care in the morning was to write an answer to the question concerning my divorce—what that answer was, it is unnecessary for me to relate. This being done, I took up a newspaper which had been left at my door the preceding evening during my absence, that I might occupy my time until the breakfast hour. Previous to this, I had indirectly heard of the decease of an acquaintance in a distant part of the state, and somewhat doubting the truth of the report. I turned to the register of deaths supposing, if it were correct, the fact would be recorded there—and the first words which met my eyes, were these:

"Died, in —, Ky. on the — inst. Mr Charles Ashburton, formerly of this city."

Shall I describe the thrill of agony which shot through my heart, as I read this terrible intelligence? O! I cannot, for words are too feeble to express it. My brain reeled—a faintness, as of

death, came over me, and with a deep moan, wrung from my tortured soul, I sank to an insensibility, from which I was not aroused for hours.

With returning animation, came an indistinct and dreamy recollection that something dreadful had befallen me, and then the full realization of the fearful truth broke upon me. My fond hopes were blighted in their very bud, and I was crushed down to the lowest depths of despair, to be tortured almost to madness by the stings of an impotent remorse. My repentance had come too late—*too late*. The being, to whom, in the presence of the Almighty, I had sworn eternal love and constancy, and then perfidiously forsaken, *was dead*—and what would my groans and cries of contrition avail me now? The ear that should bear them was cold, dull and unheeding, and the lips I had fondly hoped would breathe the answering word—forgiveness, were sealed in the deep stillness of the grave. I did not weep, I could not—tears would have been as mockery of the terrible agony which seemed wringing the life from my heart, and no moan nor sigh broke from my lips, to tell to those around, the misery I was suffering—I had no friend but the One in Heaven, to whom I could unburden my sorrows, and in silence I bore them all.

The physician who had been summoned to my attendance by my terrified waiting-maid, pronounced my illness caused by some powerful excitement, but what had occasioned that excitement, no one knew, or if they knew, no allusion was made to it in any way.

Days and weeks passed by, during most of which time I was unable, through illness, to leave my chamber. The blighting sirocco, which had swept over my heart, had infected the very springs of my existence, and I felt there was but a span between me and eternity. Hitherto I had placed my sole reliance on earthly trusts for happiness, and in the bitter lessons of experience, I had learned my folly—all had departed, and where now could I look for support and consolation? My bible told me to my God, and I turned and laid my sorrow-burdened heart at his feet, and breathed the sigh of penitence and prayer for solace in that benignant ear which is ever open to the cry of the sufferer, and found the peace arising from divine forgiveness and the hope of Heaven. And now but one wish remained—to be permitted once to look upon my husband's grave, before I should be called to die.

I had still sufficient strength to warrant an effort for the attainment of my desire, and I determined at once to make it; and in company with two faithful domestics, I commenced a journey to Kentucky. Several days passed, when, one evening, I found myself at a little inn, where I had chosen to remain during the night, in a quiet village, scarcely more than a day's ride from my destination. Though unusually fatigued, I had not yet retired to my chamber. I had taken up a pamphlet in the little parlor which I had first entered, and hoping to obtain a temporary forgetfulness of myself, had commenced reading it.

The subject considered was intemperance, one, if any, to awaken my attention, and from the first I was deeply engaged, and as I proceeded, an intense and almost painful interest was excited, and I bent over the pages and drank in their intoxicating eloquence, till all around me was forgotten.—

Now the diction was glowingly beautiful and imaginative, leading the mind away to wander amid scenes of ideal loveliness—now it was so tender, so touching, so pathetic, as to fill the eye with blinding tear-drops, and then gracefully it would change to a style of loftiness and grandeur, mounting higher and higher, until the astonished mind reeled, drunken with sublimity, and the breath grew still and the heart suspended its beatings, till the writer should stoop to a lowlier strain.

After finishing the perusal of the work, I turned to learn who was its author; no name was given, and I laid it aside, greatly fatigued by the excitement it had occasioned. I had before been informed of the arrival of two statesmen on their way to Washington, by the loquacious landlady, who was delighted with the honor she deemed would accrue to her from the entertaining of such distinguished guests. One of them had entered the room where I was sitting; but so deeply had I been absorbed in reading, that until I had closed the book, I was unconscious of his presence.

"A splendid work this," he remarked, taking it up. "It is written by one who can fully appreciate the evils of intemperance."

"You are acquainted with the author, then," I answered, carelessly.

"I am," he replied. "He is a young lawyer, of —, Kentucky. He was highly distinguished in his profession some few years since in the city of New-York. An accomplished politician, he sustained several high public offices, discharging his duties for a time satisfactorily to his constituents. By his intemperate habits, however, he forfeited, by degrees, their esteem and confidence, and gradually sank from the rank which he had attained, to the extreme of degradation. Though fallen, his proud spirit could not brook the gibes and scoffs of those whose voices had been lent to swell the acclamations which had greeted him in the days of his prosperity; and poor, despised and forsaken by every one but his wife, he left the scenes of his former greatness, and removed to a small settlement in Ohio. Here several circumstances occurred which eventually led to a thorough reformation. He removed to his present place of residence, and resumed the practice of his profession, and has since met with the happiest success. His splendid talents and unimpeachable integrity have gained the admiration and respect of a wide community, whose highest honors are lavished thickly upon him. Young as he is, old men grown grey in halls of legislation, go to him for counsel in State affairs, and his opinions are received as oracles. He has occupied a prouder eminence than that from which he fell in years gone by, and his course is still upward and onward, and where it shall end, should life be spared I know not. He is now with me, on a journey to Washington, to take his seat in Congress, of which he has lately been chosen a member."

A strange dizziness came over me, as I listened, and my heart throbbed with a suffocating violence.

"Tell me his name, in pity tell me his name," I gasped, as I reeled forward and grasped the stranger's arm for support.

"Charles Ashburton," he answered, regarding me with a look of astonishment.

"Righteous Heaven!" I exclaimed, "he lives, my own Ashburton lives, and I yet may make atonement for my guilt." Tears of delicious hap-

piness sprang to my eyes, such as I had not known for years, and silently my heart sent up a grateful tribute to that Being, through whose mercy I was permitted to taste it. "Oh! how cruelly," I continued, "I have been deceived. Tell me, stranger what meant the rumor of his death?"

"The decease of a distant relative and fellow-townsmen of the same name, probably occasioned the report," he answered. "But, madam," he added, "what am I to infer from this strange agitation?—are you, as I suspect, his wife?"—and his eyes were bent sternly upon me, and his lip curled scornfully as he spoke.

With a blush of shame, I answered in the affirmative, and besought him to go immediately and request the private attendance of Ashburton. "But stay," I added, as he turned to depart, "tell him not whom he is about to meet, say that a stranger asks the interview."

He bowed in answer to my request, and left me. Minutes passed—the door at last unclosed, and my husband stood before me. He bowed haughtily, as he entered, but there was no look of recognition.

"Madam," he began, "I am here at your request, you will now be pleased to honor me with your commands."

There was a bitter revulsion in my feelings as I heard this formal greeting. I was not aware that my appearance was so sadly changed by grief and sickness, that he did not know me; I deemed that in my own coin I was receiving the recompense of my sin.

"Oh Charles! look not so coldly on me!" I exclaimed, as I sprang forward and sank at his feet, with my clasped hands upraised before him—"Your wife, your Mary kneels for pardon for the past; oh do not turn away, but say, in pity say that you forgive her."

He started back and bent his searching eyes earnestly for a moment upon my upturned face, while his lip and cheek and brow waxed white as marble.

"Mary! oh God, my Mary!" he exclaimed, and he bent down and raised me in his arms, and clasped me passionately to his bosom, and though the pardoning words were still unuttered, I knew I was forgiven, and that he was mine again—my own, forever.

It is the calm bright hour of sunset. Clouds of intermingled crimson and gold curtain the western heaven, veiling the face of setting day, and mel-
lowing the brightness of the tinted light, that rests upon the beauteous landscape, which is spread in prospect before me. Mountains tower around me in serene and solemn grandeur to the skies, clothed to their summits with forests of majestic trees, all robed in the rich, bright foliage of early summer.—Velvet valleys wind between them, stretching away in long, green vistas, growing in the distance dim and shadowy at length, in the fading light.—The Ohio comes sparkling on across a broad savanna, that spreads greenly away to the east, and directly before me its waters part, and flow divided on awhile, then mingling, form a lovely isle, glowing up in the yellow light, like an emerald set in one broad sheet of gold. On and on, the stream goes flashing, till, with a graceful sweep around a wooded promontory, the bending foliage all mirrored in its lucid depths, it hides itself from view.

It is a picture of surpassing loveliness, and my feelings are all in keeping with its peace and quiet. Years have passed since the event I last recorded long years of uninterrupted happiness and peace, more than compensating me for former sufferings. In the bright present, the gloomy past seems like a troubled dream, from which I gladly turn my thoughts, to fix them on the blissful future, hope whispers shall be mine.

At my feet sits a noble boy of twelve summers as I write, his dark eyes bent intently upon the pages of the Iliad, and his spirit away with its brave heroes in battle, while a lovely Hebe, four years his senior, bounds into the room, her face all radiant with joy, as she exclaims:

"Father is coming, at last—see, mother, see you coach approaching. I know that he is there."

She is right. He is just returning, after several days' absence, from Frankfort, whither the duties of his profession, and also of a high office under government, frequently call him. But the carriage has reached the gate as I write, and I must away to meet him. Reader, farewell.

MISCELLANY.

TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

THERE was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment and then said: "There is a gentleman up stairs either from America or Britain, whether an American or an Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was Bishop, Prince and Prime Minister—ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly lighted room, sat a gentleman of some fifty years, with his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows, as he gazed in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression.—His face was striking in its outline, the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous, even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark, but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that as he was an American, he solicited his kind and feeling offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the new world, without a friend or home.—You are an American! Give me then I beseech you a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career

of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, retreated towards the door of the next chamber, his head downcast, his eyes looked still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning.

"I am the only man born in the New World, who can raise his hand to God and say—I have not a friend—not one in all America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look which accompanied these words:

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated towards the next room. "Your name!"

"My name"—with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"my name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank in a chair, gasping the words—

"Arnold the traitor."

Thus you see he wandered over the earth, another Cain with a wanderer's mark upon his brow. Even in that desolated room at that Inn of Havre, his crimes found him out, and forced to tell his name—that name the synonymy of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not distinctly known. But we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless—that his cold brow was not moistened by one farewell tear—that remorse pursued him to the grave whispering John Andre! in his ears, and that the memory of his course of glory knawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever; "True to your country, what might you have been, O, Arnold the Traitor?"

THE DEVIL'S RAGGED SCHOOL.

If you are determined to be poor, go to the devil's ragged school—the *grog-shop*—and you will soon be ragged, and penniless, too.

If you wish to starve your family, go to the devil's ragged school—for that will consume the means of their support.

If you would be cheated by rogues, go to the devil's ragged school for that will make your task easy.

If you want to become a fool, go to the devil's ragged school—and you will lose your wits.

If you want to expel all comfort from your house, go to the devil's ragged school—and you will do it most effectually.

If you would expose both folly and secrets, go to the devil's ragged school—and they will run out as the liquor runs in.

If you think you are to strong, go to the devil's ragged school—and you will be conquered by so powerful an enemy.

If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, go to the devil's ragged school—and it will melt away directly.

If you would be dead weight upon the public, go to the devil's ragged school—and that will render you useless, helpless and burdensome.

If you would be hated by your family and friends, and be a nuisance, go to the devil's ragged school—and you will soon gain your wishes.

Finally, if you are determined to be utterly des-

troyed, both in mind, body, and estate go to the devil's ragged school—and you will soon know it to be impossible to adopt more certain means to accomplish your ends.

A FACT

THE ready wit of a true-born Irishman, however humble, is exceeded only by his gallantry. A few days since, says an exchange paper, we observed a case in point. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be his etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady to whom he had never been introduced, lively Emerald dropped his hod of bricks, caught the parachute in the midst of its Ellsler gyrations, and presented it to the looser, with a bow, which reminded us of poor Power. "Faith, madam," said he as he did so, "if you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you." "Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?" asked the lady, smilingly. "Troth madam," said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

YOUNG MEN

THE most anxious moment in the history of a young man, is that moment when he forsakes the paternal roof, and goes forth into the world to seek a livelihood. The interests of life are crowded into that period. The tears of a mother, the counsels of a father, consecrate that eventful moment. Away from old associates, and settled in some new home, how apt the former restraints are to be cast off?

The trial of virtue now comes. The test of principle is now applied. If he holds fast his integrity, the prayers of his father and mother, rising oft when the still dews are falling, will bring blessings as thick as the manna that fell round the camp of the Israelites, down upon his path. But if he prove faithless, then will memory embitter his life, then will his parents welcome the grave, that they may hide their dishonor in the dust.

WE once heard of a very polite Frenchman, who when asked: "What is the time of day?" replied, "Ten o'clock, I'm very much obliged to you."—This extra courteous answer reminds us of an eccentric English country nobleman, the lord of the manor, and a great patron of his curate, who, naturally regarded him with some reverence, fixing his eye on him one Sunday morning, during the preliminary service, as he observed,—

"Let us pray."

"By all means!" was the obliging response of his patron, and the petition went up.

"WHAT is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a recent school exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "the chief use of bread is to spread butter and molasses on it."

AN Irishman was asked how his mother was, "My jewel," said he, "I am much obliged to you for your enquiries, but I never had a mother."

"How is that," said his friend. "Why, don't you know," said Paddy, "that I am the son of my aunt?"

A FARMER'S daughter in this State was visited by a rustic youngster, who finding it rather difficult to keep up conversation, silence had prevailed for some time, when he asked the girl if she knew of any body that wanted to buy a shirt.

"No, I don't," she replied—"have you one to sell?"

"Oh, no," said he, "I only asked to make talk."

A LAWYER once jeeringly asked a Quaker if he could tell the difference between ALSO and LIKEWISE. "O yes," said the Quaker, pertly, "Erskine is a great lawyer; his talents are admired by by ever one; you are a lawyer ALSO, but not likewise."

JUST So.—"Massa, one ob your oxen's dead; 'toder too. 'Fraid to tell you of boff at once, fear you couldn't bore it."

"WHY Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look?" "Dare say, Bob; for the fact is, I never was so old before in all my life."

EXCRUCIATING.—A country paper in speaking of the blind wood-sawyer, says, "although he can't see, he can saw."

"BLESSED are the piece-makers," as the girl said when she let the big platter fall and smash to pieces.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

P. M. Earlville, N. Y. \$3.00; E. S. Otego, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Madrid, N. Y. \$2.00; C. H. P. Austerlitz, \$3.00; Mrs. E. W. Greene, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cedarville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Levant, N. Y. \$7.00; Miss F. A. G. Trenton, N. Y. \$1.00; N. S. R. Guilford, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. Perryburgh, O. \$1.00; E. H. A. Columbus, Miss. \$2.50; L. H. Horicon, N. Y. \$1.00; E. C. T. Plymouth, Ia. \$1.00; R. S. B. Easton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$2.00; A. R. South Dover, N. Y. \$0.50;

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 2d, inst. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Alexander S. Rowley, Esq. to Julia A. Shufelt, both of Hudson. On the 8th inst. by the Rev. G. Coles, Mr. Lloyd Atkins to Mrs. Christiana Lane, both of Columbiaville, N. Y.

In Ghent, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. Albert Wilcox, of Canaan, to Miss Bethia Ostrander, of Hudson.

By the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. Seth W. Bowman, to Mrs. Harriet B. Smith, both of Hudson.

At Stuyvesant on the 10th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Van Zant, Mr. John Palmer of Scodack Rensselaer Co. to Miss Ruth Ann Lant, of the former place.

On the 20th ult. in Hillsdale, by Rev. John Campbell, Mr. Jacob Coleman Palmer, to Miss Mary Elton, eldest daughter of Rev. John Elton, of Cairo, Greene Co. N. Y.

At Copake on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Winthrop H. Phelps, Charles H. Parks, of Austerlitz, agent of the Farmers Insurance Company, to Jane, daughter of Jacob I. Van Deusen.

By the Rev. D. Robinson, of Hillsdale, Mr. Sylvester Stickles to Miss Julia A. Vanderboe, both of Claverack, Col. Co. At Chatham, 9th inst. by the Rev. E. S. Porter, Seymour Tracy, of Hillsdale, to Mary, daughter of William Stuppelbeen, of Ghent.

At Greenport, Columbia Co. on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Polhemus Van Wyck, Mr. Richard Becker to Miss Deborah Hallenbeck.

DEATHS.

At New Lebanon, on the 11th inst. Mrs. Hulda Abbott, relict of Benjamin Abbott, deceased, aged 84 years.

In the City of New-York, on the 6th inst. Mrs. Anne Gardner Wells, formerly of East Windsor, Conn. and late of Hudson, N. Y. aged 94 years.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THE MERRY HEARTED.

BY CATHARINE WEBB BARBER.

Yes, I am merry hearted !
A fount of sunlight lies,
Down in the centre of my soul,
And sparkles thro' my eyes ;
I laugh with tones so ringing,
So hearty and so free,
The stranger oft half startled,
Doth pause to look at me.

I've tried to school my spirit—
I've tried with all my might,
For I know 'tis unbecoming,
To laugh from morn till night,
But ah ! I cannot do it,
There is no shady place,
Within my bosom lying—
Why make one on my face ?

They say there is no poetry,
Made by a merry heart,
They must be schooled in sorrow,
Who learn the magic art ;
Then fare ye well all visions,
Of future wealth and fame ;
I cannot learn of misery,
Or worship at her fane.

They say I now am plucking,
Of this Life's fairest flowers ;
The thorns of grief are hidden
To wound in future hours :
It may be so, but never,
I'm sure shall I be sad,
Tho' storms of grief may lower,—
My heart was made too glad.

No ! no ! I will not borrow,
Grief from a coming day,
As if the hours of misery,
Might cheat me in their stay ;
I'll hope such may not enter
My catalogue of years—
I'll laugh and be glad hearted,
As if earth had no tears.

They say that I should sorrow,
Above my neighbor's wo ;
Could that but ease a single pang,
I surely would do so :
I'd hush my ringing merriment—
I'd chide my lip and eye,
Until one wore a shadow—
The other learned a sigh.

But mine's a joyous spirit,
And flowers are in my way ;
I love the bee upon the rose,
The bird upon the spray ;
I love all beauteous creatures—
All things which God has made,
And I cannot be sad hearted
My face will wear no shade.

La Fayette, Ala. 1849.

For the Rural Repository.

THE MINISTERING SPIRIT.

BY MRS. L. A. BROCKSBANK.

AN Angel passed the golden gates
Of blissful realms above,
And bent his course to a fallen world
On messages of love.
His brow was fair as Ocean pearl,
His cheek, as the tinted shell ;
His voice was sweet, as murr'ring sound
Within its rosy cell.

His beauteous form was closely robed
In cloud of azure hue ;
And his celestial radiance
Was veiled from mortal view.
On wings of light he hovered o'er
A mother's couch of death,
—Received her last unuttered prayer,
And caught her parting breath.

The wailing band of little ones,
He marked for special care ;
He soothed their grief, and placed their tears
With their dead mother's prayer.
Now, onward—past the halls of mirth,
And past the courts of Pride ;
He lingers near stern penury's door,
Where, want and toil preside.

An aged man is bending o'er
The well-worn—Sacred Page ;
His eye is dim with time and tears,
But hope is bright—in age.
The angel touched his harp, and smiled,
The old man paused to hear
The anthems of the heavenly choir
He fancied, to be near.

And then, within a princely hall
A wail of grief was heard ;
Not that he sought the great—but now
His breast compassion stirred ;
A stricken father bended o'er
A little dying son ;
In vain he cursed his cruel fate,
And bade grim Death begone.

The frantic mother tore her hair,
In anguish deep and wild,
And vainly offered all their wealth
To save their only child.
"Call on thy God,"—the angel said,
"Despise not praying breath :"
Alas ! the child their idol was,
And now—it slept in death.

No word of comfort could he breathe
They trusted not in God !
How could they lay their idol now,
Beneath the mouldering sod ?
"I'll bear thy child above" he said,
"Its spirit shall not die
I'll bear it to the Savior's arms
Where, Death may ne'er draw nigh."

Now, joyful, with his sacred charge
The angel soared above,
Well pleased to teach that little one
To praise redeeming love.
The parents laid the beauteous clay
Beneath the flowery sod,
Still flowed their tears—thou 'well they know
Their child had gone to God.

The tie that binds our hearts to earth
Must—soon or late be riven,
Out idols, all—however dear—
Impede our way to heaven,
He, who gave our life and breath
Will guard his honor well,
He claims our love—we must obey,
If we in heaven, would dwell.

Hudson, January, 1849.

ANACREON'S TOMB.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WHERE the rose is sweetly blooming,
Where the vine and laurel spring,
Where the turtle-dove is calling,
Where the gay grasshoppers sing—
Tell me, whose the grave surrounded
With such beauty, life, and bloom ?—

By the gods thus deck'd and circled ?
Stranger, 'tis Anacreon's Tomb !
Spring, and summer, and the autumn,
Had the joyous spirit seen,
And from stern and chilly winter,
Hides he 'neath this hillock green !

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We now offer to the Public, at the lowest possible reduced prices, any of the following Volumes, viz : Vols 11, 12, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, and 24, handsomely done up in Pamphlet style, with Cloth Backs, and thick Colored Paper sides ; one side printed with Title Page, the other with beautiful Engravings. These will be furnished for 62½ Cents single. Eleven Copies for \$5.00. They will last nearly as long as those bound, and as they are trimmed a size larger it will not injure them for future binding.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

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